

A rhyming story called Boredom, Boredom, Boredom by Ademurewa Adesokan (Saturday November 14th 2015)

In Flat 5 on the second floor,
Four children in a room, not a bore.
The morning sun shone through the glass,
As Arimyriah woke up, so fast.

She was the first, out of bed,
With tangled braids upon her head.
Her eyes were brown, her skin so red,
A busy mind, with thoughts ahead.

She dashed to the bathroom, no time to waste,
Wash her face with soap, feeling refreshed and graced.
Her Frozen toothbrush, pink and bright,
Squeezed out toothpaste, oh, what a sight!

She brushed her teeth with care and glee,
And then she thought, "What shall it be?"
No bath today, she thought with flair,
"I'll change quick, and get some air!"

Out of her pyjamas, so bright and pink,
She chose her outfit, quick as a wink.
A peach skirt, long-sleeved and neat,
With blue jeans that couldn't be beat.

Her socks were a sight, pink and teal,
With cats all over, so fun and real.
Now, ready for the day ahead,
She smiled, her heart full of dread.

For breakfast, she said with glee,

"I think I'll make some pancakes, you see!"
She grabbed the flour, eggs, and more,
And mixed them up on the kitchen floor.

No blender to help, so she mixed by hand,
Until the batter was smooth, like sand.
She heated the pan, and poured it in,
But what came out wasn't a win.

The pancakes were rubbery, tough as could be,
But Arimyriah didn't care, as happy as can be.
"I'll eat them anyway," she said with pride,
And carried them to the living room, eyes wide.

But then, with a burst, in came her mother,
Taryn Adhikari, who'd heard all the bother.
"Arimyriah!" she shouted, "You know what's right,
You need a bath, this is not the night!"

"No pancakes for you if you don't go now,
You must take a bath, or you'll smell, somehow!"
Arimyriah, with a pout, replied with sass,
"No, Mummy, I don't want to go en masse."

"I'll have a bubble bath later, when the day is through,
And no, I'm not going, I'm telling you!"
Her mother's face grew stern, yet kind,
"I said, get in now, you'll be fine."

"Arimyriah, don't you know?
We don't eat pancakes on Saturdays, though.
It's yam for breakfast, it's our tradition,
Now hurry up, stop this resistance!"

"Or else, no devices, no fun for you,
You'll be itchy all day, what will you do?"

Arimyriah huffed and puffed, so bold,
But she knew her mum's words, so firm and cold.

"Alright, Mummy," she sighed with a frown,
"I'll go get my bath, and not let you down."
With a last look at the pancakes, she sighed,
And made her way to the bath, feeling fried.

Arimyriah stomped all the way to the bathroom for the children, angry with herself for making the wrong breakfast, on the way, she met her 44-year-old Dad, who was fully Indian (Isayu Adhikari, who was almost bald, had red skin and brown eyes and was wearing a long, grey, short-sleeved nighty), "Good morning Daddy," Arimyriah said, kneeling down to greet him. "Don't 'good morning' me Arimyriah, you are to take a bath, NOW, RIGHT THIS MINUTE!" said Dad, crossly.

Arimyriah stomped to the bathroom, only for her to angrily knock a cabinet over causing Dad to admonish her by smacking her hard on the face, "HOW DARE YOU KNOCK OVER THE CABINET IN THE BATHROOM, PICK EVERYTHING UP BEFORE I ADMONISH YOU FURTHER!". So Arimyriah picked up the contents from the cabinets she accidentally-on-purpose knocked over during a temper tantrum. But after that, she went to the adults' room where she met Taylor and Flora's British 34-year-old stepfather and a Year 3 teacher at the children's school in Orpington Mr Robert Carter (he had a dark brown sideways fridge, fair skin and blue eyes, he was wearing pale blue long sleeved pyjamas) and their New Zealander 34-year-old mother Rochelle Perry (she had long, straight, dirty blonde hair down, fair skin and blue eyes, she was wearing lavender long sleeved pyjamas and a pink bathrobe with white polka dots all over). "Good morning Miss Rochelle and Mr Carter," Arimyriah greeted

the Caucasian couple. "Ari, you are supposed to be having a bath," replied a surprised Rochelle.

"I've got some pink bubble bath to make the bath fun," declared Mr Carter. Upon hearing this, Arimyriah stopped being reluctant and went to the bathroom, she undressed her clothes and went to the bathroom and Mr Carter put the bubble bath into the bathtub with some hot and cold water, he told Arimyriah to let it be bubbly enough. Arimyriah did then impatiently hopped into the bath and splashed around for infinite minutes, she got herself cleaned as well with a white sponge and a warm shower.

Suddenly, a slimy toad entered, it was Arigbeniri undressed, ready for his bath too, "I smelt the bubble bath too and I couldn't resist jumping in," he said. "SHUT THE (BLEEP) UP ARIGBENIRI, AND GET OUT, YOU STUPID CHILD!" Arimyriah yelled rudely, she took out her water pistol and used it to soak her brother. "Mum?" called Arigbeniri, "I